

19 I'D THINK ON 19

THEE MY LOVE

To which are added,

VILLAGE of LOVE.

HIGHLAND MARY.

ELLEN AND LOVE.

HE'S STOLE my HEART.



Stirling, printed by C. Randall.



I'D THINK ON THEE, MY LOVE.

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think my Sally on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain.

My ardent passion prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide ;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers,

The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long lost native shore
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee,
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

VILLAGE OF LOVE.

FAR remov'd from the town,
 From its splendour and noise,
 Though fortune may frown,
 It our peace ne'er destroys,
 Convinc'd that true pleasure
 We only can prove,
 At the humble thatch'd cottage,
 In the village of love.

Honor dwelt in the breast
 Of my parents though poor,

Unreliev'd, the distress'd
 Never went from the door;
 By which means alone,
 We true happiness prove,
 At the humble that ch'd cottage,
 In the village of love.

Surrounded by suitors,
 They chose me a youth,
 A mirror of virtue,
 Of honor, and truth:
 Blest with friendship's soft ties,
 We contentment do prove,
 At the humble thatch'd cottage,
 In the village of love.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
 Your water never drumlie ;
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there thy langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last farewell,
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath her fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

With mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging aft' to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower so early ;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary,

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft' had kiss'd fae fondly !

And clod'd for ay, the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still withiu my bosom's care,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ELLEN AND LOVE

LET fools follow pleasures,
 Too certain to cloy,
 Let misers hoard treasures,
 They dare not enjoy ;
 The earth has no blessing,
 Your William can prove,
 So sweet as possessing,
 Dear Ellen and love.

Let the world ever changing,
 With falsehood abound,
 Still fix'd, never ranging,
 Shall William be found ;

With thee what desire
 Can tempt him to rove,
 What bliss can reach higher
 Than Ellen and love!

HE'S STOLE MY HEART.

YOUNG Jemmy is a bonny boy,
 And lives not far away;
 And sweetly does the bonny boy,
 Upon his bag-pipes play;
 He plays so sweetly all day long,
 and then so fond is he,
 That he so charm'd me with his song,
 he stole my heart from me.

And 'tis oh! ah! my little heart;
 He's stole awa' from me.

The other day this bonny boy,
 thus whisper'd in my ear,

and wilt thou wed a Highland lad,
that loves thee truly dear?
Shall we to kirk, without delay,
and tie the knot? says he,
Ah! yes, I cry'd, what could I say?
He stole my heart from me, &c.

Well. wed I did the bonny boy]
and now I am his wife.
Our time is pass'd in love and joy,
devoid of care and strife.
And tho' in humble garment clad,
For richer swains there be;
Give me the bonny Highland lad,
that stole my heart from me, &c.

FINIS